

ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

BIDE DUDLEY Robert Evert of London, heretofore known in the United States principally as a light opera tenor, is in New York in a new role. The late George Edwardes made his daughter, Mrs. Evert, and Mr. Evert executor of his will, and by virtue of this fact the tenor has assumed the general management of all the Edwardes theatrical properties. Mr. Evert was last seen and heard in New York in "Bide" which was presented by Lew Fields at the Casino last season. He says he has given up stage work to devote his entire time to his managerial duties. Mr. Evert was a chum of Mr. Edwardes. For years the principal tenor roles in the Edwardes musical productions were sung by him. The manager and the singer were very close friends. Therefore, the news that Mr. Evert had been made an executor of the will caused no great surprise. The new head of the Edwardes enterprises is in New York to get stage material for use in London. "I want to arrange to have a piece rewritten," he said today, "and I want to obtain producing rights to others. I'll be here a week."

THESE PLAYS SIMILAR. The Maersk Shubert are facing rather a peculiar situation. Two plays, already produced, in which they are interested are said to be very much alike in story and action. They are "Guineys," now at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, and "Hobson's Choice," which played the first part of the present week in Albany. The idea was to bring "Hobson's Choice" to New York. With "Guineys" playing here, those familiar with both plays cannot see how it can be done unless the managers want what might almost be called twin attractions in the city at the same time. The two plays are of English origin.

"AROUND THE MAP" LEAVES. A special train left the Pennsylvania Station today for Washington carrying Klaw & Erlanger's big company and production of the new musical play, "Around the Map," which will be first presented at the National Theatre Monday night. On the train are sixteen complete changes of scenery, nearly 100 stage people and Klaw, A. L. Erlanger, C. M. S. McEllan, the author; Joseph Urban, the scenic artist; Julian Mitchell and Herbert Greenbaum, stage directors, and other members of the Klaw & Erlanger forces, who are making the trip to be present at the opening.

BERNHARDT'S BIRTHDAY. To-day is Sarah Bernhardt's birthday. The general impression is that her age is seventy-one. However, William F. Connor, her American manager, is positive that it is but seventy. He says she was born in 1846. He cabled her yesterday, congratulating her. Mrs. Bernhardt is to play in London next month and will sail for America in December.

GOSSIP. The Universal will make a film feature of "Son of the Immortals." Cleo Linton, tenor, leaves New York today for Chicago, where he will sing at the Palace next week. Taylor Holmes, in "His Majesty Bunker Bean," will begin an engagement at the Cort, Chicago, Nov. 7. "Mrs. Boltay's Daughters" was produced in Stamford last night. It will open at the Comedy here to-night. Eugene E. Göttinger Jr. has left the Vitagraph and is now with the Triangle Film people at Santa Monica, Cal. John Daly Murphy is acting in films for the Gaumont Company, and the publicity man proudly announces John is wearing a dress suit. Robert Mantell, who is acting before the camera for William Fox, says he likes the work and may never return to the regular stage, except temporarily. A benefit dance for the Stage Children's Fund will be held at Alhambra Hall, One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street and Seventh Avenue, Friday evening, Nov. 12. Marguerite Namara of "Alone at Last" has been advised by cable from Paris that the opera Claude Debussy began, with her in mind for the prima donna role, has been finished. Edwin Wallace Dunn's automobile was bumped by another car Thursday night and put out of commission. Mr. Dunn, who was at the wheel, suffered an injury to his floating ribs and had a nice new check-board vest ruined.



"S'MATTER, POP!" By C. M. Payne



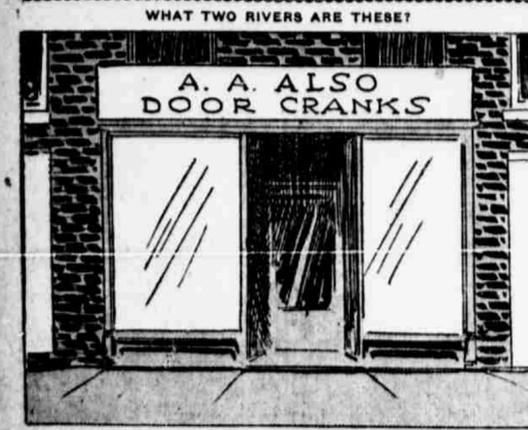
MARY'S MARRIED LIFE—And the Worst of It Is, Bill Won't Be Able to Think Up a Satisfactory Answer! By Thornton Fisher



FLOOEY AND AXEL—Before You Sympathize Too Much With Floeey, Remember How Many Thumps AXEL Has Had! By Vic



EVENING WORLD PUZZLES



To-day's puzzle conceals the names of two more rivers in the United States, each over a thousand miles long. Thursday's rivers were the MISSISSIPPI and the TENNESSEE. To find today's rivers print on little squares of paper or cardboard all the letters on the sign over the store. Then rearrange the letters until they spell the names of the two rivers. Their names and another puzzle will be printed next Tuesday.

Sitting in the reporter's box on the stage of the Century during the baseball scene in Ned Wayburn's "Town Topics" is becoming quite a fad. Mr. Wayburn extends the courtesy only to those he considers worthy of the honor. It's great fun to watch the act from the press box. Several distinguished men have done it this week.

LILY LANGTRY ON THE SEA. Lily Langtry, who is to tour this country in "Mrs. Thompson," the last play written by Sydney Grundy, will arrive in New York from London on the St. Paul, due to-morrow. She is bringing her company with her. Prominent in it are Lionel Atwill and Phyllis Ralph. Mrs. Langtry was last here four years ago when she appeared in vaudeville. "Mrs. Thompson" is her first dramatic play since 1904.

ALLEN WAS MAD. Eugene Kelsey Allen ordered a lamb chop in a Broadway cafe the other evening. The chop was so small that it made Mr. Allen mad. "Hey, waiter!" he said. "Bring me two pieces of bread." "The bread was brought and, while the assembled multitude looked on in awe, Mr. Allen made a sandwich of the chop and devoured it. When it was gone he summoned the waiter again. "Hey, waiter!" he said. "You charged me eighty cents for that chop. Where did you get it—at Tiffany's?"

"MARY DEAR!"—A BALLAD. Again we've been asked to furnish an original ballad for an amateur minstrel show. Joe P. asks for a "heart" song of the waltz variety. He's to sing it in the Bronx. All right, Joe P. If you and the Bronx can stand it, we can. Here's the ballad.

My dear little girl, I'm no prince and no knight, And so I've no title to hand you, But you are to be the rose to the bee, And I am determined to land you, A small wedding ring, a tender—and kind! A love in the front we'll be seeking, You're welcome to me, come all on my knees, With true love for you I am seeking.

HODGKINS TELLS ONE. Gene Hodgkins sends a story from Canada in which he is both new and true. Here it is: Mr. Hodgkins, upon arriving in Toronto ahead of a theatrical troupe, called on the manager of the house in which his company was to appear and asked: "Who does the press work for your theatre?" "The Sanitary Cleaning and Tailoring Company right across the street," replied the manager.

FOOLISHMENT. My father does not own a bank, And though I've never been a crank, The fact has made me pretty mad, I'm bad, I tell you—very bad.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE. "That druggist is a great church member." "A pillar of the church, eh?"

THE DAY'S GOOD STORIES

Could Spare Her. TOMMY'S mother was an invalid, so his Aunt Lavinia looked after him and the house. And she never missed a chance of pointing out a fault or expounding a precept. "Oh, dear," said Tommy, one day, after auntie had lectured him for ten minutes, "I wish I had wings!" "Why, my pet," asked mother, pleased at this angelic inspiration, "Oh, I'd fly up in the air with Aunt Lavinia, and I'd fly and fly till I couldn't get any higher."

Back-Fired. THE head of the family, with his beloved brier root pipe and his favorite magazine, had settled back in the rocker for a quiet, comfortable evening. On the other side of an intervening table was the miniature counterpart of himself, the wrinkling of whose eight-year-old forehead indicated that he was mentally wrestling with some perplexing problem. After a while he looked toward his comfort loving parent, and with a hopeless infection asked: "Papa, could he make a clock that would strike less than one?" "Yes, my son."

Foolish Question. "JABE MATHIS," said Gen. Longstreet, "of the Thirtieth Georgia, was a good soldier, but one day, when the Confederates were retreating from the gory field of

"The Confederates passed along over the crest of a hill and lost sight of poor, dejected Jabe. In a moment there was a fresh rattle of musketry and a renewed crash of shells. Suddenly Jabe appeared on the crest of the hill, moving with hurricane swiftness and followed by a cloud of dust. As he dashed by his captain that officer said: "Hello, Jabe, thought you werea't going to march any more?" "Thunder!" replied Jabe, as he hit the dust with renewed vigor, "you don't call this marching, do you?" Kansas City Star.

TENSE MOMENTS

GO ON AN ANSWER, IT POP-MAYBE IT'S AUNT EMILY WANTS US TO COME TO DINNER SUNDAY! I'M GOING TO BEAT IT—IF IT'S THE TAILOR ON THE CORNER, I'M OUT; IF IT'S JENNY HILL, I'LL CALL HER UP. OH, PAW, DO ANSWER IT! MAYBE IT'S TOM—MAYBE HE'S GOT THEATRE TICKETS HE WAS GOING TO GET FROM HIS PRESS AGENT FRIEND! MAYBE IT'S THE OFFICE WANTS ME! MAYBE IT'S THE FISHERS WANT US TO GO AUTOMOBILE RIDING! MAYBE IT'S— YOU KEEP AWAY FROM THAT PHONE, JOAN HENRY! I KNOW WHO IT IS—IT'S THE LANDLORD—WANTING TO KNOW ABOUT THAT BACK RENT!



He Obeyed Orders. E. SMITH, M. P., one of the latest of England's public men to go to the front, has been telling the story of the captain of his squadron the night before they left for the front. "Now, my lads," he said, "treat this dinner as you will the enemy." And they set to with a will. After dinner he discovered one of the men stowing away bottles of champagne into a bag and, highly indignant, he demanded to know what he meant by such conduct. "I'm only obeying orders, sir," said the man. "Obeying orders," roared the Captain. "What do you mean, sir?" "You told us to treat the dinner like the enemy, sir, and when we meet the enemy, sir, those we don't kill we take prisoners!" Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Her Name.

UNCLE ISOM cuts the grass, does odd jobs and chores for a close corporation of the pioneers of Shawnee Land. He is a willful and faithful worker, notwithstanding his age and you will make him somewhat slow, and his cheerful and sympathetic disposition has made him a general favorite among the householders, especially the women folk, down that way. He has been telling one of them about his niece. "That's a funny name you call her—'Flay'—I never heard anything like it," said his employer for the time being. "Yas'm, I reckon not," said Uncle Isom. "What is it? Did she name herself? Is it a baby name of some kind, or do you call her that because she is so particular?" "No'm, she didn't name herself, an' she hain't nowise pernickity. Dar's jes' what we all call huh' fo' sho't, ma'am. Huh' right name, de name she was baptized, an' 'Asphyxia'— Louisville Times.